

Ade, George
Circus day

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CIRCUS DAY

BY GEORGE ADE

ILLUSTRATED BY

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

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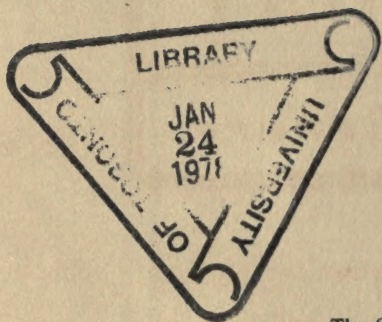
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BY
GEORGE ADE

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BY
JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

AKRON, OHIO
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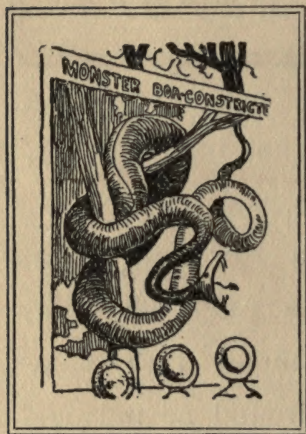
CIRCUS DAY

The Night Before

"I'LL bet they don't have that many snakes," said Shaver Thompson, as he and the other boys stood in a row and looked at a big picture of the red and yellow and blue snakes. One of the snakes seemed to be as big around as a barrel, and as long as the smoke-stack on the Perkins mill. It had its mouth wide open, and the boys could see its tongue, which was shaped like a pitch-fork.

"Mebbe they've got that many, but there ain't none of 'em as big as that," said Sam Groves.

"Well, I guess we can see to-morrow for ourselves," said Shaver Thompson.



"How much have you got saved up?" asked Joe Wallace of Shaver Thompson.

"I ain't got any yet, but pa promised me fifty cents for weedin' the garden. How much have you got?"

"I've got seventy-three cents, but I don't know whether I'll spend it all."

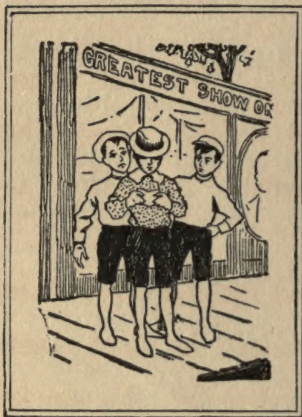
Joe put his hand into the back pocket of

his knickerbockers and brought out a chunk of rubber car-spring, a buckle, a piece of twine, and a small memorandum book. He replaced all the articles except the book, which he opened at page 1. Shaver Thompson, Sam Groves, and Morty Klein looked over his shoulder and read :

THE SAVINGS ACCOUNT OF JOSEPH WALLACE.

<i>Received from his mother.....</i>	<i>10c</i>
<i>Sold copper boiler to Terry Bros.....</i>	<i>12c</i>
<i>Picked cherries—Mrs. Oliver.....</i>	<i>16c</i>
<i>Carried note for Benton Griswold....</i>	<i>05c</i>
<i>Sold paper to Terry Bros.....</i>	<i>04c</i>
<i>Picked bugs—Mrs. Oliver</i>	<i>05c</i>
<i>Sold pettafied rock to Dr. Allen.....</i>	<i>10c</i>
<i>Sold 2 bottles to Dr. Allen.....</i>	<i>01c</i>
<i>Hunting Cow—Mr. Collins.....</i>	<i>10c</i>
<i>Total.....</i>	<i>73c</i>

Bill Frost came along and stopped in front of the long bill board where all the pictures



of the circus were stuck up. Bill was 14 years old, and he had been to Martinsville the year before to see the biggest circus that ever traveled, so the smaller boys did not have much to say when he was around.

"Say, Bill, do you s'pose they've got any snakes as big as that?" asked Shaver Thompson.

Bill closed one eye and looked at the picture of the snake, and then he shook his head slowly. "They've prob'ly got some big

snakes," said he, "but not as big as that feller."

"Did you see any big ones at Martinsville?" asked Joe Wallace.

"Well, I should say I did." Bill sat down and the other boys got in a line along the edge of the wooden sidewalk to listen to him.

It was already dusk, and while Bill told his stories of the great things he had seen in the white tents at Martinsville, the darkness came on. Bill was telling about the monkeys that rode horseback, when a man started across the street to where the boys were sitting.

"Here comes your father, Joe," said Sam Groves. Joe did not say anything. Mr. Wal-

lace came up close to the boys and asked, "Is Joe here?"

"Yes, sir," replied Joe, although he was sorry that his father had come to take him away from the circus stories.

"Come on home, now, it's getting late," said Mr. Wallace. "You'll get all the circus you want to-morrow."

Joe started to follow his father across the street, and then he called back, "Don't forget, Shaver! You know what I mean."

"Bet I do."

After Mr. Wallace and Joe had reached the butcher shop corner Joe stopped and gave three whistles. He listened and heard Shaver Thompson answer with three whistles of the same kind.

"What's that for?" asked Mr. Wallace.

"Nothin' much," said Joe.

He did not want to tell his father about the plans he and Shaver had laid for next morning, when the circus was to come to town.

Joe could not go to sleep right away that night because he had so many things to think about. In a little while, however, he dozed off into dreamland, and saw beautiful white



ladies riding on spotted horses, while a fat clown stood on his head and juggled cannonballs with his feet.

Early Morning.

Joe woke up two or three times in the night. He wanted to be sure to not sleep late. Once when he opened his eyes he could see the daylight outside. "Oh my!" he said, as he slipped out of bed and began to put on his waist, "what if the circus has come to town while I've been asleep?"

He said this to himself because his father and mother were asleep in the next room. As soon as he had dressed, he pushed the wire screen out of the window and crawled outside. The grass was wet with dew, which made his bare feet cold as he stood beneath the window and put the wire screen back in its place.

He tiptoed around the house and as soon as he got to the sidewalk in front he ran down the street toward Shaver Thompson's house. The sun was not yet up and although there was enough daylight for Joe to see everything, the sky was gray and cloudy just as it is sometimes before a storm. Joe could not see any one on the street. The houses all looked so silent and deserted, he became a little frightened. It was the first time he had ever been up that early in the morning.



When he came to where the Thompsons lived he crawled over the fence and went

around to the side of the house. He knew that Shaver slept with his brother Benny in the room just over the bay-window. Joe found some small pebbles and began to throw them against the window. In a minute or two he saw Shaver's sleepy face at the window and he had to laugh, for Shaver could hardly get his eyes open, and he looked so much different in his nightgown.

"Hurry up, Shaver," said Joe in a loud whisper. "It's gettin' to be awful light. I bet the show's here."

Shaver nodded and went back to dress. This did not take much time. He crawled out on top of the bay-window and looked down. "Is it too far to jump?" he asked.

"No; you can jump it," said Joe.

So Shaver jumped and when he struck the ground he went rolling over in the soft grass and Joe had to laugh at him again.

The two boys went over the front fence like a couple of lively kittens and ran down the street together. All the stores were closed, but they met Herman Klein, the German butcher, who had to get to his shop early because he was going to furnish the show with meat for the wild animals.

There was no need of hurrying. When they reached the show grounds they could not see anything that looked like a circus. So they stopped and looked to the east along the road that ran close beside the railway track.

"Shaver, are you sure they're goin' to come from that way?" asked Joe.

"Bet I am," said Shaver. "Didn't Ezra Tindall ride over to Bruceville yesterday to see the show?"

"Let's walk up to the water tank and then we can see it sooner," said Joe.

The water tank was a half mile east of town. While they were walking along the track the sun came up, glowing like a ball of polished gold, and the boys knew they were going to have good weather.

When they reached the water tank, they sat down and waited and waited and waited for the circus to come over the hill down by the Perkins farm.

"What if it don't come at all?" asked Joe at last.

"Aw, it's got to come," replied Shaver.

So they waited and waited. The sun climbed higher. Once the boys saw a wagon coming, but it was only a farm wagon from the Perkins place.

"Gee! I'm hungry," said Shaver Thompson.

Then Joe said, "So am I. Let's hurry home and get breakfast, and mebbe we can be back here by the time it comes."

So they trotted back along the track and went home and they hadn't seen any of the circus yet.

The Arrival.

"Joseph Wallace, where have you been?" asked Mrs. Wallace, as Joe came in the front door, panting for breath.

"Aw, I just been to see the circus come in."

"Well, of all the crazy boys! Is the circus here yet?"

"No, I want to hurry back."

"You'll not hurry back," said Mrs. Wallace. "Go and eat some breakfast. We've all had ours. Then you dress yourself and take Dora down to the circus lot."

Dora was Joe's six-year-old sister. She had already put on her new white dress with the blue sash.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed Joe, "I promised Shaver Thompson to meet him."

"I can't help it," said his mother firmly. "Don't you want your sister to see the circus, too?"

"Oh, well, I s'pose I'll have to," said Joe, and he really felt as if he were a badly used boy.

He ate his breakfast as fast as he could

and then he ran to his own room and started to dress. He put on his gray suit, a white waist, the black stockings and new lace shoes and the Sunday straw hat.

Dora was waiting for him on the front porch.

"Where's pa?" asked Joe of his mother.

"He went to the store. Now don't make Dora run. Here, let me tie your cravat."

"I'm in a hurry!" cried Joe.

"You can wait a moment, can't you?" asked his mother, and she had to smile when she saw how anxious he was to get back to the show grounds.

"I'm goin' to see the circus come in, too," said little Dora, hopping up and down with delight.

"Come on," said Joe, as he took his sister by the hand. They ran out of the front gate, and the last thing he heard his mother say was, "Don't make that child go so fast."



Dora wanted to run, however, and she kept close behind Joe.

When they turned the last corner and came in sight of the show grounds, what did they see? Big red and blue wagons all marked over the sides with gold letters. Strange, rough-looking men hurried about, some rolling big balls of white canvas, some driving stakes, some pulling at ropes. There were horses and horses and horses. Dora saw

two spotted ones and began to point at them and cry, "Joe, Joe, look!"

Just then Joe saw Shaver Thompson helping a man pull at a rope.

"Shaver!" shouted Joe.

Shaver looked around and as soon as he saw Joe, he yelled:

"Joe, they got an elephant an' two bears an' the most things! Oh, the dandiest ponies! Hurry up and see! Hooray!"

Joe grasped Dora by the arm and followed Shaver around the end of a huge red wagon.

The Tents.

As Joe and Dora followed Shaver Thompson around the wagon they came very near running into the biggest and strangest animal



they had ever seen. It seemed to be almost as large as a load of hay. It was the color of dry mud, and it had short, thick legs and big, flat ears and its nose was

drawn out in front until it was like a long, limber rope.

"Oh—h—h—h!" shouted Joe, as he backed away from the monster.

Dora turned and ran, squealing with fright,

but she fell over the tongue of a wagon and lay there kicking and crying.

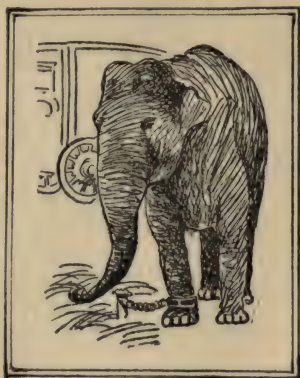
"Aw, don't be afraid," said Shaver Thompson, as he lifted Dora to her feet and began to dust off her white dress. "That's the el'phant."

"Don't be afraid, Dora," said Joe, but he was trembling a little himself.

"Can't you see he's chained?" said Shaver Thompson.

Sure enough, the big elephant had a chain around one leg and this chain was fastened to a stake in the ground.

Dora quieted down and when she saw the great



big elephant blinking at her with his little eyes, she began to laugh.

"See, I told you not to be afraid," said Joe.

But just then the elephant lifted his trunk up in the air and let out a loud bellow and all three of the children turned and ran. One of the circus men saw them run and he began to laugh.

"That elephant eats kids," he said.

Shaver and Joe and Dora stood farther away from the elephant and watched him pick up hay and put it in his mouth.

"Does he eat children?" asked Dora, holding tightly to Joe's hand.

"Course he don't," said Shaver Thompson.
"That man just said that to scare us."

After they had watched the elephant for a little while, they walked around to watch the

men spread the white canvas on the ground. The circus men had put up a long tent that was full of horses, and they saw four ponies, and one of them was not much bigger than Mr. Terry's big dog. They saw two men cooking at a stove ten feet long. As they walked around the cages they could hear the animals growling and whining inside. Sam Groves went up to one of the wagons and tried to look in through one of the cracks, but a circus man told him to keep away and then ran after him. While Joe and Dora were watching some men wash long white stockings and hang them on a rope to dry, a big fellow in a blue shirt said to Joe, "Do you want to work your way in?"

Joe faltered and then said, "Yes, sir."

“Well, you take this bucket and sponge and then get some water and wash off this hyena cage.”

He showed Joe which cage he meant, and Joe took the bucket.

“Now, Dora,” said Joe, “you’ll have to get on the fence and stay there till I wash this cage.”



“I don’t want to. I want to stay with you.”

“No, sir; I’ve got to work.”

So Joe made Dora sit up on the fence by Mr. Watson’s house, and he went over to the pump and got a bucket of water.

When Joe climbed up on top of the hyena

cage and began to scrub with the sponge, Shaver Thompson, Will Murphy, Morty Klein, and some other boys stood around and watched him.

"What kind of an animal's in there, Joe?" asked Will Murphy.

"It's a hy-nena," said Joe. "That's what the man said." He meant "hyena."



Just then Joe heard the voice of his mother.

"Joseph Wallace, what are you doing on top of that cage?"

Joe stopped work, and looking down, he saw his mother and Mrs. Groves.

"I'm workin' to get in the show," said Joe.

"Come down from there this very minute," exclaimed his mother. "Do you want to ruin your clothes? You've splashed water all over yourself. Where's your sister?"

"She's right over there on the fence," said Joe, pointing to where he had left Dora. But when he looked over at the Watson fence, Dora was not there.

"She's gone!" said he, and he began to be frightened.

"Gone!" said his mother. "You hurry down and help me find her. Didn't I tell you to watch her all the time?"

Joe crawled down from the wagon, and some of the boys laughed and said, "Oh, Joe, I guess you won't get in the show now."

Joe went with his mother, and they found Dora with Mattie Groves, looking at the ponies.

Mrs. Wallace took charge of Dora while Joe went with Shaver Thompson to watch the man in the huckster-stand make fresh candy and pull it on a hook fastened to a blue pole.

"Gee! that looks good," said Shaver Thompson. "Have you got any money?"

"No," said Joe, "I think I better go up to the store and get my money of pa."

By this time the high center-poles had been put up and the circus men were getting ready to raise the tent-covers which lay spread on the ground.

Joe and Shaver did not like to leave the

show grounds even for a minute, but they wanted some spending money, so they started on a run for Mr. Wallace's store.

The Parade.

Mr. Wallace laughed when he saw Joe and Shaver come into the store. Joe said he wanted his money, so Mr. Wallace counted out seventy-three cents and the boys went



back to the show grounds as fast as their legs could carry them.

While they were away the big tents had been pulled up on the poles. One tent was for the

animals and the other was for the circus ring and the seats. So many things were happening when Joe and Shaver came back that they forgot all about buying any of the fresh candy. The circus men were hitching horses to red wagons. Other men were putting up the seats in the tent where the circus ring was to be. A big wagon that had been covered with canvas proved to be a band-wagon when the canvas was pulled off. It was painted with red and gold and had mirrors in the sides of it. Eight black horses were hitched to this wagon.



Joe and Shaver shouted with delight when

they saw a clown sitting in a little wagon driving two of the ponies. They started to follow the clown, when they saw the band



musicians, all in bright uniforms, climbing into the red and gold wagon.

Then the first thing they knew they saw the elephant coming with two long-legged camels behind him.

While they were

watching the elephant, about twenty men and women in gay suits of velvet trimmed with shiny spangles of gold and silver, rode out from the tent, on white horses.

"Oh, come and see these people!" shouted Shaver.

"No, come this way!" answered Joe pointing to a cage in which were two lions and a man in a black suit. The side-boards had been taken off the cage and the boys could look right through the iron bars at the shaggy animals. The lions growled and showed their teeth but the man in the black suit sat between them with a big whip in his hand and did not seem to be afraid. The boys went as near the cage as they dared and gazed at the lions until they heard the band begin to play.



The parade was ready to start. First the man who owned the show drove out in a

buggy drawn by the two spotted horses. Then came the band-wagon and behind the wagon came the spangled men and women on the white horses. Joe and Shaver followed the band-wagon down the street. They had never heard such lively and noisy music before.

When they looked back they saw a long line of wagons and cages. The elephant and the camels and the clown driving the ponies were all coming along behind. It seemed to them that the parade was nearly a mile long. They stopped at the butcher shop corner to see the procession go by and then they ran up the line to get back to the band-wagon. Joe saw his father and mother and his sister Dora in front of the store, but he was too busy

to stop. He had to see the whole parade two or three times. It wasn't every day a circus came to town.

The Side-show.

Up to this time the boys had not paid much attention to the side-show. When the parade came back to the circus grounds the big colored banners had been put up in front of the side-show tent. One banner had a picture of a fat woman as big as an elephant, and another had a picture of a little man no higher than a silk hat. The picture marked "Albino" showed a girl whose hair stood out straight on all sides, and made a bunch as big as a tub. There were other pictures just

as strange. As soon as Joe and Shaver saw these paintings they forgot all about the band-wagon.



"Pass in," shouted a man standing on a box in front of the side-show. "Everything you see on the banners we have alive on the inside. A ticket costs but ten cents."

Joe bought two tickets. He and Shaver went inside and what do you think? There was Sam Groves turning the crank of a hand-organ!

"How much do you get, Sam?" asked Shaver.

"I get to stay in here."

"Oh, look at that fat woman!"

They left Sam to make music on the hand-organ and they went to look at the fat woman, the little man, and the other funny things in the side-show. The fat woman was not as big as the elephant, of course, but she was ever so big, and the dwarf, who had a mustache, was not as tall as either Joe or Shaver. There was a Punch-and-Judy show and a magician and a red-headed girl who wrapped a snake around her neck. The snake was about ten feet long.



Joe said, "Pshaw! They had a picture of one nearly a hundred feet long."

When he counted up his money he had fifty-three cents left. Shaver had only twenty-five cents, just enough to get him into the big show.

The boys wanted to stay in the side-show longer, but they were afraid they would be too late for the circus. Sure enough, when they went outside there was a crowd of people around the ticket-wagon and the man in the wagon was handing out tickets and taking in money with both hands.

Joe and Shaver wriggled through the crowd and bought their tickets. They followed the line of people and soon found themselves in the managerie tent. The boards had been taken off the cages and the boys saw the hyenas, the leopard, the lions, the tiger, and

the other wild animals pacing up and down in the cages. The boys knew what they wanted to see. They went to the monkey cage. There were twelve monkeys, with the oddest, wrinkled faces and stub noses the boys had ever seen.

“They look just like some people,” said Shaver, and then he started with surprise when he saw an old gray monkey take hold of a young one and box its ears just as a real human parent might have done.

But what is the need of telling any boy or girl about the funny tricks of monkeys? Or how Joe bought ten cents' worth of peanuts to



feed the elephant! Or how the band began to play in the other big tent while Joe and Shaver raced with the other people to get a good place on the blue seats so they could see everything that happened in the ring.

There are some shows nowadays that have two or three rings, and there are so many people performing all at once, that a boy would need about six eyes to see everything. But this show that Joe and Shaver attended had only one ring, and that was enough, for the boys were kept busy watching the wonderful things that were done.

There is no need of telling how they enjoyed it. They forgot that it was a warm day and that they had to sit on a hard board. They forgot that they had eaten noth-

ing since breakfast. They sat there with staring eyes and their mouths open with astonishment at the bare-back riders, tumblers, trapeze performers, trained ponies, jugglers, "benders," and rope-walkers — but best of all they liked the old clown. The way he fell over ropes! And how he ran when the ring-master cracked his whip! Joe and Shaver laughed un-til their sides ached. They kept thinking that when they grew up they would be circus clowns, even if they had to run away from home.



Bankrupted.

Tickets for the concert were ten cents each. Shaver had no money and Joe had eighteen cents remaining. Two tickets would cost twenty cents. How were they to manage it?

"Do you s'pose they'd sell us two tickets for eighteen cents?" asked Shaver.

Joe shook his head as if in doubt.

"I'll tell you what I'll do!" said Shaver. "I'll borrow five cents from Mr. Fuller."

Mr. Fuller was the man who kept the hardware store.

He was sitting near the boys. Shaver went over to him and said, "Mr. Fuller, if you'll lend me five cents I can see the concert."

Mr. Fuller laughed and said, "All right, Shaver, I'll see if I can raise that much."

His little daughter, Carrie Fuller, was seated behind him.

"Oh, Shaver," said she, "don't you think the circus is lots of fun?"

"You bet," replied Shaver, as he received the nickel and started back to join Joe.

So the boys waited for the concert which was not as good as the circus—only some blacked-up men who danced on a little platform laid in the ring and a yellow-haired woman who sang a song.



After the concert the boys roamed around

through the animal tent and saw the lions eat some of Mr. Klein's raw meat. They had seen so many new and wonderful things during the day they seemed to be walking in a dream.

"How long does it feel to you since we got up this morning?" asked Shaver.

"Oh, it seems like a week," replied Joe.

After they had looked at all the animals again and watched two monkeys fight over a peanut, they went outside. By this time it was about 4:30 in the afternoon. They met Sam Groves, who said he had become tired of playing on the hand-organ and had turned the job over to a boy from the country.

Shaver said he felt a little hungry. So did Joe, but he had only three cents left.

"I dōn't want to go home, though," said Joe. "We might miss something."

They roamed around the outside of the big tent where some of the circus men lay asleep in the shade. They watched other circus men rub down the beautiful horses and what interested them as much as anything was the blacksmith shop, with a small forge standing on three iron legs. A circus carries its own blacksmith shop.

They also watched the two cooks who were getting supper ready for the circus men. The cooks wore long white aprons and one of them opened about twenty cans of sweet corn and emptied them into a great kettle on top of the sheet-iron stove. Joe saw his Uncle Frank standing near the cook-tent, so he went up

and said: "Hello, Uncle Frank; I'm awful hungry."

"Why don't you go home and get something to eat?"



"It might take too long."

"Have you got any money?"

"I've got three cents, but that won't buy very much for me and Shaver."

"I suppose you want some money."

"I don't care," said Joe, but he said it as if he meant "Yes."

His Uncle Frank laughed and handed him a quarter. Joe jumped with joy. He and Shaver went over to a huckster-stand and

bought 'five cents' worth of bologna sausage and five cents' worth of sweet crackers. They sat on the edge of the sidewalk and ate the lunch, all the time watching the circus tent so that if anything happened they would be sure to see it. The bologna was salty and the crackers were dry, so that when the boys finished eating they were thirsty.

"Let's go and get some lemonade," said Joe, proudly jingling the eighteen cents in his pocket.

They bought two glasses of lemonade at the huckster-stand near the side-show. The lemonade did not taste as if it had lemons in it, but, anyway, it was wet and sweet.

"My! They give you about a gallon for five cents, don't they?" said Shaver, as he paused

for breath, while the red lemonade dripped from his chin.

The boys drank all they could stand and it made them feel cold and washy inside.

At Night.

The circus is a fine sight in the daytime with the flags waving in the sunlight and the big tents swelling before the wind, but the right time to see a circus is at night.

Then the lights, inside and outside, make the great tents appear like fairy palaces of snow. The performers in their spangled clothes seem to be covered with diamonds and gold dust and the rough ground around the circus

ring is changed, in the softened light, to a rich carpet. Boys and girls who look at the dashing horses with their bold riders and listen to the lively music of the band can well believe that they have reached some enchanted country far from their own little town.

Joe and Shaver lingered outside of the tent as the lights flared up, one after another. The hand-organ in the side-show was grinding the same old tune and the man on the box was shouting at the people. Joe was shocked to hear the man tell about "a den of the largest and most deadly snakes on earth," for Joe knew there was but one snake and a sleepy one at that.

Once more the men pushed up to the ticket-

wagon, and as Joe saw other boys going into the show he began to wish that he could see the tumblers again and hear the old clown sing the comic song. But Joe's money was



gone, all but eight cents, and as he looked back over the day and counted up, he was alarmed to find that he had spent ninety cents.

More people went into the menagerie tent. Joe could hear the roar of the lion, and the shouts of laughter from children around the monkey-cage. The monkeys were showing off again and here he was, standing outside, missing all the fun! Joe began to feel that

unless he had another look at the gray monkey he would never again be happy.

But how was he to get in? He couldn't crawl under the tent, for a boy had tried that in the afternoon and had been chased by a circus man, who swore at him.

Aha! He had it! He would get near the ticket-wagon and wait for his father and mother and his sister Dora. His father had been in the store all day, but Joe knew he would come to the circus at night. Joe knew that grown-up people do not make as much fuss about a circus as boys and girls do, but they like to go just the same.

Shaver Thompson had been lost in the crowd.

Joe moved up to where he could see all

the people who arrived. It seemed to him that almost everybody in town except his father and mother came up to get tickets. There were also many country people whom he did not know.

What if they were already inside? The mere thought of this brought a few tears to his eyes, but he brushed them away and was mad at himself for being so much like a girl. Then he saw his father coming toward the ticket-wagon and he ran for him.

"Oh, pa!" he shouted.

"Hello there!" said Mr. Wallace; "where have you been all day?"

"Oh, just around. Pa, I want to go in."

"Didn't you see the show this afternoon?"

"Yes, but then I—"

“What have you done with your money?”

“I’ve got eight cents left,” said Joe, and then he felt a kind of choking in his throat because he knew he was not telling the whole truth. His father did not know about the quarter from Uncle Frank.

Mr. Wallace had to laugh, but he bought an extra ticket for Joe and then led him over to where Mrs. Wallace and Dora were waiting.

“Joseph Wallace, where *did* you get your dinner and supper?” asked his mother.

It seemed to Joe sometimes that his mother wanted to know too many things.

“I didn’t want any,” replied Joe. “Let’s hurry or we’ll miss the best part.”

You see, he wanted to change the subject.

When they went into the tent Joe dragged

Dora over to the monkey cage to show her the gray monkey. There was Shaver Thompson hanging over the ropes tossing peanuts into the cage.



"How did you get in?" asked Joe.

"I saw my father."

"So did I."

The band began to play in the other tent.

With Dora between them, holding to their hands, Joe and Shaver hurried into the circus tent to get their last look at the wonderful sights.

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